

1509/520

O D E S

O F

I M P O R T A N C E, &c.

TO THE SHOEMAKERS.
TO MR. BURKE.
TO IRONY.
TO LORD LONSDALE.

TO THE KING.
TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR.
TO A MARGATE HOY.
OLD SIMON, A TALE.

THE JUDGES, OR THE WOLVES, THE BEAR, AND
INFERIOR BEASTS, A FABLE.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

—*Sic positi, suaves miscetis odores.*

Sweet-Briar, Hawthorn, Lilics, Nettles, Roses;
What a nice *Bouquet* for all sorts of Noses!

*Ludimus innocuis verbis, nec ledere quonquam
Mens nostra*——— MARTIAL.

MY VERSE's *sweetness, mildness*, none deny:
Lord! playful PETER would not wound a *Fly*.

A NEW EDITION.

D U B L I N:

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M,DCC,XCII.



O D E S
O F
I M P O R T A N C E.

R E S I G N A T I O N :

AN ODE TO THE
JOURNEYMEN SHOEMAKERS,
WHO LATELY REFUSED TO WORK, EXCEPT THEIR
WAGES WERE RAISED.

SONS of SAINT CRISPIN, 'tis in vain!
Indeed 'tis fruitless to complain.—

I know you wish good beef or veal to carve :
But first the hungry GREAT must all be fed ;
Mean time, you all must chew hard, musty bread,
Or, what is commonly unpleasant, starve.

Your *Masters*, like *yourselves*, oppression feel—
It is not *they*, would wish to flint your meal :

A

Then

Then suck your paws like bears, and be resign'd.
 Perhaps your *sins* are many; and if so,
 HEAV'N gives us very frequently, we know,
 The GREAT as scourges for mankind.
 Your *Masters* soon may follow you, so lank—
 Undone by simple confidence in *Rank*.

The royal RICHMOND builds his state on coals;
 SAL'SB'RY, and HAWKSB'RY, lofty souls,
 With their fair DAMES must have the ball and rout;
 Kings must our millions have, to make a glare;
 Whose sycophants must also have a share.—

But pout not—'tis a libel, Sirs, to pout—

Clos'd be your mouths, or dread the jail or thong:
 You must not for your money have a song.
 Cease, cease your riots, pray, my friends:
 It answereth (believe me) no good ends.—

And yet the time will come, I hope to God,
 When black-fac'd, damn'd OPPRESSION, to his den
 Shall howling fly before the curse of Men,
 And feel of anger'd JUSTICE the sharp rod.

Go home, I beg of ye, my friends, and eat
 Your sour, your mouldy bread, and offal meat;
 'Till FREEDOM comes—I see her on her way—
 Then shall a smile break forth upon each mien,
 The front of banish'd Happiness be seen,
 And sons of Crispin, you, once more be gay.

Now go, and learn submission from your Bible:
 Complaint is now-a-day a flagrant libel.
 Yes, go and try to chew your mouldy bread—
 JUSTICE is sick, I own, but is not dead.
 Let GRANDEUR roll her chariot on our necks,
 Submission, sweet humility bespeaks:

Let



Let GRANDEUR's plumes be lifted by our sighs—
 Let dice, and chariots, and the stately thrones,
 Be form'd of poor men's hard-work'd bones—

We must contribute; or, lo, GRANDEUR dies.
 We are the parish that supports her show;
 A truth that GRANDEUR wishes not to know.

Full many a time reluctantly, I own,
 I view our mighty Rulers with a groan,

Who eat the labours of us *vulgar Crew*;
 Bask on our shoulders in their lazy state;
 And if we dare *look* up for ease, th' ingrate
Look down, and ask us, "D-m'me, who are you?"

Now such forgetfulness is most unpleasant!
 The man who doth receive a hare or pheasant,
 Might *somewhat*, certainly, from manners spare,
 And say, "I thank ye for the bird or hare."—

But then I'm told agen, that GRANDEUR's fore
 At owning obligations to the Poor—

Such favours cut no figure in discourse:
 She thinks she might as well thank dogs and cats
 For finding partridges, and catching rats;
 And say, "I'm much obliged t'ye," to a horse.

Lo, to the GREAT we breathe the sigh in vain;
 A zephyr murmur'ring through the hollow walls;
 Our tear, that tries to melt their souls, the rain
 That printless on the rock of ages falls!

The lofty GREAT must have the softest bed
 To lay the *soft* luxurious head;
 And from our bosoms we poor *Geese*, so tame,
 Must pluck submissively the tender feather;
 Ourselves expos'd to NATURE's rudest weather,
 Deny'd the liberty to cry out, "Shame!"

Thus, whilst *their* heads the pillow's down imprint,
Ours must be only bolster'd by a flint.

You must not heed your children's hunger'd cry,
 Not *once* upon their little sorrows sigh—
 In tears their blubber'd faces let them steep,
 And howl their hunger and their grief to sleep.
 'Tis impudence in babes to cry for bread—
 Lo, GRANDEUR's fav'rite *dogs* must first be fed!

See yon proud Duchefs—yet of late so *poor*,
 With not above *ten thousand pounds* a year:
 Behold, a hundred coaches at her door,
 Where *PEARO* triumphs in his mad career.
 We must support her, or by hook or crook—
 For, lo, her husband was—a *ROYAL Duke*.

We *must* support too her fine gold-lac'd crew,
 Behind her gilt coach, dancing Molly fellows,
 With canes and ruffles goodly to the view,
 And (suitsing their complexions) pink umbrellas.
 It must be so; for Lordly GRANDEUR rules—
 Lo ! *QUALITY* are *GODS*, and *MOB* are mules.

I know you with, to see on gold, so good,
 King *GEORGE's* head, that many a want supplies;
 So very pleasant to his *PEOPLE's* eyes,

As pleasant as the head of flesh and blood.
MONEY's a rattling sinner, to be sure:
 Like the sweet Cyprian girl (we wont say *wh—e*)
 Is happy to be frequently employ'd,
 And not content by *one* to be enjoy'd;
 Yet, like the *GREAT ONES*, with fastidious eye
 Seems of *inferior* mortals rather shy.

Then go, my friends, and chew your mouldy bread:
 'Tis on our shoulders Courts must lift the head.

Remember,

Remember, we are only Oxen yet—
 Therefore, beneath the yoke, condemn'd to sweat.
 But gradually we all shall change to Men;
 And then!!! what *then*?—Ye heav'ns! why *then*
 The lawless fway of Tyranny is o'er—
 Pride falls, and BRITONS will be beasts no more!

ODE TO BURKE.

AH, BURKE! full sorry is the Muse indeed
That *thou* art from the Patriot Phalanx fled!

For what? 'To crouch, and flatter Queens and Kings?
Meanly to mingle with a Courtier gang,
That INFAMY herself would scorn to hang—
Such a poor squalid host of creeping things!

Has Madness fir'd thy brain? Alas! return:
Thy fault in sackcloth and in ashes mourn:
Join not a Court, and Freedom's foulest foes—
REPENTANCE, lo, shall try to wash thee white:
Then howl not, EDMUND, 'mid the Imps of Night:
Swell not the number of a flock of crows.

What murky cloud, the vapour black of Courts,
(For many a cloud, the breath of Kings supports)
Attempts thy Reputation's spreading beam?
What bat-like DEMON, with the damned'st spite,
Springs on thy fame, on GLORY's sacred height,
To souse it in DISGRACE's dirty stream?

Alas! if MAJESTY did gracious say,
“BURKE, BURKE, I'm glad, I'm glad you ran away;
“I'm glad you left your party—very glad—
“They wish'd to treat me like a boy at school;
“Rope, rope me like a horse, an ass, a mule—
“That's very bad, you know, that's very bad.

“I hate the PORTLAND Junto—hate it, BURKE—
“Poor rogues, poor rogues, that cannot draw a cork—
“Nothing

" Nothing but empty dishes, empty dishes—
 " *We've* got the loaves and fishes, loaves and fishes."

I say, if thus a mighty Monarch spoke
 As usual—not by way of joke ;
 Did not the speech so with'ring make thee shrink ?
 Didst thou not inward say, " I've damn'd myself—
 " Why, what a miserable elf !"

And then upon each old acquaintance think ;
 And with a sigh recall those attic days,
 When WIT and WISDOM pour'd the mingled blaze ?

BURKE, BURKE, most easily do I discover
 'Thou loathest the weak smile that won thee over—
 From 'TR——RY borrow'd, ne'er to be return'd !
 E'en now thou art not happy at thy heart—
 It sighs for Wisdom's voice, and pants to part
 From fellows by the honest VIRTUES spurn'd.

Thy tongue has promis'd friendship with a sigh—
 For, lo, th' interpreter of thoughts, thine eye
 Hangs heavy, beamless on the motley band—
 To whom thou stretchest forth thy leaden hand !
 Yes, slowly does that hand of *friendship* move :
 The startled Courtiers feel no grasp of love :
 A cold and palsied shake of gratulation,
 As though it trembled at contamination !

O BURKE ! behold fair LIBERTY advancing—
 TRUTH, WIT, and HUMOUR, sporting in her train :
 Behold them happy, singing, laughing, dancing,
 Proud of a Golden Age again !
 When all thy Friends (thy friends of late, I mean)
 Shall, flush'd with conquest, meet their idol Queen,
 The Goddess at whose shrine a world should kneel ;
 When *they* with songs of triumph hail the DAME,
 Will not thy cheek be dash'd with deepest shame,
 And CONSCIENCE somewhat startled feel ?

Ah !

Ah! will thine eye a gladsome beam display;
 Borrow from smooth HYPOCRISY's a ray,

To hail the long-desir'd return?

Speak, wilt thou screw into a smile thy mouth,
 And welcome LIBERTY, with WIT and TRUTH;

And for a moment leave thy Gang to mourn?

Yes, thou wilt greet her with a half-forc'd smile,

Quitting thy *virtuous* Company, a while,

To say, "Dear Madam, welcome—how d'ye do?"

And then the DAME will answer with a dip,

Scorn in her eye, contempt upon her lip,

"Not much the better, Mister Burke, for *you*."

"Poor BURKE, I read thy soul, and feel thy pain—

"Go, join the sycophants that I disdain."

ODE TO IRONY.

O THOU, with mouth demure and solemn eye,
Who laughest not, thou Quaker-looking wight,
But makest others roaring laugh outright,

Thus chacing widow SORROW, and her sigh—
O Thou, who formest pills to purge the spleen,
No more in Britain must thou dare be seen?

There was a time, but not like ours so nice,
When thou couldst banish FOLLY, nay, and VICE—
Leagu'd with thy daughter HUMOUR, damsel quaint,
And WIT, that could have tickled e'en a Saint.

But times are alter'd! *Certain Greybeards* say,
“Ye vagabonds, you’ve had indeed your day;
“But never dare to show your face agen,
“To take vile liberties with lofty men.
“Grin, if you please—with joke the world regale—
“Yet mind, a Critic hears you, call’d a Jail.”

But, lo! fair LIBERTY divinely strong!
A *patriot Phalanx* leads the DAME along.

THOU, WIT, and HUMOUR, shall adorn her train—
And let me proudly join the noble Few;
Whilst, to the cause of Glory true,
The MUSE shall shout her boldest strain.

E’en I, ’midst such a patriot band,
Will gain importance through the land;

Rise, from a poor Extinguisher, a Steeple—
And, O AMBITION, hear thy suppliant’s pray’r,
A sprig of thy unfading laurel spare,
And crown me, crown me POET of the PEOPLE.

ODE TO LORD LONSDALE.

FIE, fie, my Lord! attack a saint-like POET!
 O, let not ASKALON, nor let GATH know it!
 What! by law-bulldogs bid the lambkin groan!
 O LONSDALE! *genuine* Poetry is rare,
 Half of our verse *adulterated* ware;
 I speak of *others'* verses, not my *own*.

Ah! stop not, stop not PETER's tuneful throat!
 Hereafter, he may warble in thy praise,
 Who so surpasseth thousands in his note,
 A Philomel amidst a flock of Jays.

The banishment of OVID into Thrace
 Did CÆSAR's glory grievously disgrace;
 Dropp'd on his coat of arms a stain of ink,
 And made the honest pen of Hist'ry shrink.

Thou who shott'st SERJEANT BOLTON through the foot,
 At least didst make the Serjeant shoot himself:
 O think how thou mayst suffer in repute,
 By falling on a harmless rhyming elf!
 REVENGE herself would blush at such a deed;
 For Poets always were a dovelike breed.

Fire at a great LAW SERJEANT—then let fly,
 Bounce, on a simple Rhymersuch as I,
 Great condescension verily requires:
 What sportsman at the pheasant aims, and then
 Hunts in his humble bush the twitt'ring wren?
 On grouse and grasshoppers what mortal fires?

At

At London frequently we meet
 A lofty CAMEL in the street,
 Moving with state-unwieldiness along;
 We also see a Monkey on his hump,
 Now, with an arch grimace, from head to rump
 Skipping, and drawing wonder from the throng—
 Against Lord Chesterfield's grave maxim finning,
 The merry grig, that is to say, by *grinning*.

Now this same CAMEL, a well-judging beast,
 Feels not of goading ridicule the least;

Calmly the ruminating creature goes,
 Poking his head, and shaking it in guise,
 Much like great DOCTOR JOHNSON, call'd the wise

For pulling ev'ry Scotchman by the nose,
 When pond'rous moving through the Northern track,
 With dapper JEMMY BOSWELL on his back:

Now would not ev'ry mortal smile,
 To see this Camel all so full of bile

Bouncing unhappily about,
 Dancing, and staring, grunting, kicking, moaning,
 And like a creature in the cholic groaning,
 Making for playful JACKO all this rout?

When HAWKS'B'RY, SALIS'B'RY, LEEDS, and more beside,
 Fearing the tinsel on the back of PRIDE

Might tarnish by an acid-drop of rhyme,
 And consequently lose the magic rays
 That call forth ADMIRATION's gape and gaze,
 And make her think she views the *true* SUBLIME—

I say, to MAJESTY when those *great* LORDS
 Pour'd forth a foaming torrent of hard words;

As, " Hang that PETER PINDAR, if you please;
 " Sire, make the graceless varlet understand
 " What 'tis to smile at *Rulers* of the land—
 " A beggar that disgraces his own fleas.

" SIRE, SIRE, th' ATTORNEY-GENERAL's tiger gripe
 " Would quickly stop the Raggamuffin's pipe ;
 " Then for his laugh at Grandeur let him fwing."
 " No, quoth the KING——

" If *I'm* not hurt, my Lords, *you* may be quiet :
 " 'Tis for *yourselves*, *yourselves*, *you* with the riot—
 " Yes, yes, *you* fear, *you* fear, that PETER's Muse
 " Will hang *your* Grandeurs in her noose.

" No, no, my Lords, * M'DONALD must not squeeze
 him :
 " You see I give up *New-year* Odes, to please him ;
 " And faith, between me and the post and you,
 " I fear the knave will get the *Birth-day* too.

" No, no—let PETER sing, and laugh, and live :
 " I like to read his works—Kings are fair game :
 " What though he bites—'tis glorious to forgive.—
 Go, go, my Lords, go, go, and do the same.

" Should PETER's verse be in the *right*,
 " *Our* conduct must be in the wrong—
 " Poor, poor's the triumph of a little spite—
 " We must not hang a subject for a song.

" My Lords, my Lords, a whisper I desire—
 " Dame LIBERTY grows stronger—some feet higher ;
 " She will not be bamboozled, as of late :—
 " *Aristocrate & la lanterne*
 " Are very often cheek by jowl, we learn,
 " Within a *certain* neighb'ring bustling State :
 " I think your Lordships and your Graces
 " Would not much like to dangle with wry faces.

* The Attorney-General.

" But mum, my Lords—mum, mum, my Lords—mum,
" mum :

" You must be cautious for the time to come :

" The People's brains are losing their old fogs—

" Juries before the Judges won't look flink—

" No, no—they fancy they've a right to think :

" They say, indeed they won't be driven like hogs.

" No Starchambers, no Starchambers for *them*—

" Slavery's the dev'l, and Liberty a gem.

" You see, my Lords, their heads are not so thick.—

" Take care, or soon you'll have a bone to pick ;

" And p'rhaps you would not like this same hard bone—

" So let the laughing, rhyming rogue alone."

Sweet ROBIN of the Muse's sacred grove,

Whose soul is butter-milk, and song is love ;

So blest when Beauty forms the smiling theme ;

Who wouldst not Heav'n accept, (the sex so dear)

Had charming Woman no apartments there,

Thy morning vision, and thy nightly dream—

Mild MINSTREL, could their Lordships call thee rogue,

Varlet, and knave, and vagabond, and dog ?

What ! try to bring thee, for thy harmless wit,

Where GREYBEARDS in their robes terrific sit,

With sanctified long fortune-telling faces,

Whilst ERSKINE, eldest-born of RIDICULE,

From solemn IRONY's bewitching school,

Tears to un-Judgelike grins, the hanging GRACES !

Meek POET, who, no prostitute for price,

Wilt never sanction Fools, nor varnish VICE ;

Nor rob the MUSE's altar of its flame,

To brighten with immortal beams a *King*

(If Freedom finds no shelter from his wing),

And meanly sing a Tyrant into fame !

Thus,

Thus, LONSDALE, thou behold'st a fair example
Of greatness in a King—a noble sample!

Thou cry'st, "What must I do? on *thee* I call."
Catch up your pen, my Lord, at once, and say,
"Dear PETER, all my rage is blown away;
"So, come and eat thy beef at LOWTHER-HALL."

ODE,

O D E

TO THE

ACADEMIC CHAIR,

ON THE

ELECTION OF MR. WEST

TO THE

PRESIDENCY.

HOW art thou fallen, thou *once* high-honour'd CHAIR!
Most hedge-hog like, thou bristleft up my hair.—

But possibly I'm only in a dream:

If so, immediately O let me wake;

Good MORPHEUS, drag me from this sad mistake—

Open my eyes, or lo, I shall blaspheme.

By heav'ns! it is no vision—'tis *too* plain

That thou, poor imp, are fated to sustain

Of BENJAMIN th' abominable b-m.

What! after REYNOLDS, to take up with WEST!

Th' *antipodes* thou seekest, I protest,

From Jove's grand thunder to an infant's drum;

The lightning courser, to the creeping mole;

The world's wide orbit, to a spider's hole;

From some fair column, or Corinthian dome,

Sunk to a dreary dungeon, or the tomb!

And

And yet, on recollection, that old throne,
 In Westminster's fair Choir for two-pence shown;
 Which bore the EDWARDS, HARRYS of our Isle,
 Has been oblig'd (a truth most melancholly!)
 To shrink beneath a leaden load of folly,

And every meanness that can man defile,
 Thy virtue is gone out of thee, I ween!
 Thy brother Chairs of late with humbled mien,
 That jealous envy'd thee thy tow'ring fame,

All with one voice exclaim,
 And all the poignant pow'r of ridicule,
 "He is not equal to an old joint stool.

"He who of late so lofty held his crest,
 "Array'd so gorgeous in a crimson vest,
 "He now is worse than us poor humble hacks,
 "With not a single rag about our backs.

"Get thyself burnt, thou sad degraded creature;
 "Go, boil some poor old washerwoman's water;
 "Or get thyself to skewers and crocksticks turn'd;
 "To some dead beggar's coffin give each nail,
 "And yield thy velvet to some strumpet's tail;
 For, know, thou shouldst no longer be adorn'd."

Thus speak thy brother Chairs! And yet 'tis cruel,
 As thou wouldst rather be cut up for fuel,

Or rest the backs of beggars in the street:
 But lo, WEST fills thee, by his King's commands;
Lov'd by his subjects—*fear'd* by foreign lands—
 And full of wisdom as an egg of meat!

"I like WEST's works—he beats the RAPHAEL school—
 "I never lik'd that REYNOLDS—'twas a fool—
 "Painted too thick—a dauber—'wont, 'twont pass—
 "WEST, WEST, WEST's pictures are as smooth as glass:

"Besides

" Besides, I hated REYNOLDS, from my heart :

" He thought that I knew nought about the art.

" WEST tells me that my taste is very pure—

" That I'm a connoisseur, a connoisseur :

" I like, I like, I like the works of WEST."

Thus doth *our* KING, in sounds so gracious, cry :

Which proves that Kings with *little* can be blest,
And give the wings of eagles to a Fly !

OLD SIMON.

A T A L E.

FOLKS cannot be for ever sniv'ling—no!
 With fountain noses that for ever flow—
 The world would quickly be undone;
 Widows, and lovelorn girls, poor souls, would die;
 And for his rich old father, fob and figh,
 And hang himself, *perchaunce*, a *hopeful* son;

 And for their cats that happ'd to slip their breath,
 Old maids, so sweet, might mourn themselves to death:
 SORROW may therefore have her decent day,
 And smiling PLEASURE come again in play.

 No! folks can't brood for ever upon GRIEF:
 PLEASURE must steal into her place at last;
 Thus then the heart from horror finds relief;
 Snatch'd from the cloud by which it is o'ercastr.
 'Thus was an anger'd Lord my constant theme,
 My constant thought by day, my constant dream:
 Tears at his image oft burst out, with sighs:
 At length CHARLES FOX * appear'd—behold the change!
 No longer after SORROW did I range,
 But on the smile of PLEASURE cast mine eyes.

* With the LIBEL-BILL; on which the Lord Chancellor wished to consult the Judges. Few are the men candid enough to part *voluntarily* with power, however tyrannical—it must be *torn* from them. The Judges have been rendered independent of the Crown, by the PEOPLE: now let them show their gratitude.

PLEASURE's a lass that will at length prevail :
Witness the little pleasant following tale.

NARCISSA, full of grace, and youth, and charms,
Had slept some years in good old SIMON's arms ;
Her kind and lawful spouse, that is to say,
Who, following of numbers the example,
Wishing of sweet young flesh to have a sample,
Married this charming girl upon a day.

For from grey-headed men, and thin, and old,
Young flesh is finely form'd to keep the cold.
Thus of the pretty Shunamite we read,
Who warm'd the good King DAVID and his bed,
Brought back his flagging spirits all so cool,
And kept the King of Israel warm as wool—
Indeed she warmer could the Monarch keep,
Than any thing belonging to a sheep.

Most virtuous was NARCISSA ! lo,
All purity from top to toe ;
As HEBE sweet, and as DIANA chaste.
None but old SIMON was allow'd a kiss,
Though hungry as a hound to snap the bliss ;
Nor squeeze her hand, nor take her round the waist :
Had any dar'd to give her a green gown,
The FAIR had petrified him with a frown ;
For CHASTITY, Lord blefs us ! is so nice—
Pure as the snow, and colder than the ice.

Thus then, as I have said before,
Sweetly she slept, and probably might snore,
In good old SIMON's unmolesting arms :
Some years, with this *Antique* of Christian clay,
Did pass in this same tasteless, tranquil way—
Ah, Gods ! how lucky for such tender charms !

Yes, very fortunate it seem'd to be;
 For, had NARCISSA wedded some *young* chaps,
 Their impudences, all forsooth so free,
 Had robb'd her eyes by night of half their naps.

And yet, on second thoughts (sometimes the best),
 Ladies *might* choose to lose a little rest,
 Keep their eyes open for a Lover's sake,
 And thus a sacrifice to CUPID make.

It pleas'd at length the Lord who dwells on high,
 To bid the good old simple SIMON die;

Sleep with his fathers, as the Scripture has it:
 NARCISSA wept, that they were doom'd to part,
 Blubber'd, and almost broke her little heart—

So great her grief that nothing could surpass it,
 Not NIOBE mourn'd more for fourteen brats—
 Nor Mistress TOFTS, * to leave her twenty cats.

Not to his grave was poor old SIMON *hurried*;
 No! 'twas a fortnight full ere he was buried.

'Tis said old SIMON verily did stink.
 A pretty Sermon on th' occasion giv'n
 Prov'd his good works, and that he was in heav'n:
 Scraps too of Latin did the Parson link

Unto the funeral sermon, all so sweet,
 The congregation and the dead to greet:
 For every Wife that is *genteelly* bred
 Orders a sprig of Latin for the dead.
 And of a sprig of Latin what's the cost?
 A poor half-guinea at the most.

Latin sounds well—it is a kind of balm,
 That honoureth a corpse just like a psalm;

* The famous singer. She died a few years since at Venice, and left to every cat a legacy.

And 'tis believ'd by folks of pious qualm,
Heav'n won't receive a soul with a psalm.—

But now for poor NARCISSA, wailing dove!
Nothing—no, nothing equall'd her dear love:

Such tears and groans burst forth, from eyes and
mouth;

Where'er she went, she was so full of woes,
Just like a dismal day that rains and blows
From every quarter—east, west, north, and south;
And like some fountains were NARCISSA's eyes,
Lifting a constant water to the skies.

Resolv'd to keep his image near her breast,
She got him beautifully carv'd in wood;
Made it her bed-fellow, to soothe her rest,
And thought him much like him of flesh and blood,
Because it lay so wonderfully quiet,
And like old SIMON never bred a riot.

'Twas for some weeks, sweet soul, it was her plan
Nightly to hug her dear old wooden man:

Yet, verily, it doth my fancy strike,
That buxom widows, full of rich desires,
Full of fine prancing blood, and Love's bright fires,
Might such a wooden supplement dislike:
But who can answer for the sex, indeed?
Of things most wonderful we sometimes read!

It came to pass, a Youth admir'd the Dame—
Burning to satisfy a lawless flame

With much more passion fill'd, the rogue, than grace
What did he? Brib'd, one night, NARCISSA's maid,
And got his limbs, so devilish fancy, laid,

Th' impostors, in poor wooden SIMON's place:
SUSAN, though born amongst a vulgar tribe,
Knew nature, and the nature of a bribe.—

The DAME came up, delicious, and undrest,
 When SUSAN's candle suddenly went out—
 Misfortunes, sometimes, will attend the best—
 No matter—Sweet NARCISSA made no rout.—
 She could not miss the way, although 'twas dark,
 Unto her bed, and dear old bit of bark.

In slipp'd the FAIR, so fresh, beneath the sheets,
 Thinking to hug her dear old oaken LOVE—
 But lo, her BED-FELLOW with kisses greets!]
 She trembles, like an aspen, pretty dove—
 In short, her terror kept her so much under,
 She could not get away—and where's the wonder?
 Since 'tis an old and philosophic notion,
 That terror robbeth all the limbs of motion.

The upshot of the matter soon was this—
 Her horrors funk, and died, at ev'ry kiss;
 And, 'stead of wishing for the man of wood,
 She seem'd to relish that of flesh and blood.

Next day, but not indeed extremely soon—
 Some five or six o'clock—the afternoon,
 SUSAN came tapping at the chamber-door:—
 (Now this was very prudent, to be sure;

It had been foolish to have tapp'd till then)
 “ Well, Madam, what d'ye choose for dinner, pray ?”
 “ Fish, flesh, and fowl,” the Lady quick did say—
 “ The best of ev'ry thing—I don't care *when*.”

“ But, Madam, I want wood to make a fire—
 “ 'Tis rather late—our hands we have no time on.”
 “ Oh,” cried NARCISSA, full of her new SQUIRE,
 “ Then, SUSAN, you may go and burn old SIMON.”

ODE TO THE KING.

 WRITTEN SOME TIME SINCE.

AN'T please your MAJESTY, 'twas rumour'd lately
That you had got it in your head so stately,

That we must have a law-suit—God forbid it!
Whether 'tis HAWKSB'RY, or his GRACE of LEEDS,
Invented such intended hostile deeds,

Or whether the more lofty SAL'SB'RY did it,
I say not—but great Lords are giv'n to chatter;
So, Sir, I deem it all a lying matter.

There's my LORD BLUFF too—CARDIGAN the *Great*,
Whose face DAME NATURE never meant should cheat!
Who, if aught hurts the King, doth shrink and wince,
As *faithful* to his *Sov'reign* as his *Prince*!
Brimfull of loyalty his noble breast;
Large and fermenting like a tub of yeast!
Glad at the aloes thrown into my cup,
He says too that you mean to eat me up.

That heartily they wish it, I don't doubt—
Most loyal *seem* they in your cause, and stout!
You can't think how they *seem* to take your part;
And at the Poet, as the Devil, start—

I say the Devil, Sir, because some PEERS
Are with the Devil oft in large arrears:
They open'd an account, Sir, long ago—
And SATAN's a great creditor, I know.

Yes,

Yes, *hugely* do they *seem* to take your part,
 And at the POET, as a Demon, start;
 Just like a horse or ass at some wild beast
 Prepar'd to jump upon their backs, and feast.

This LOYALTY's a bird of passage, Sire;
 Like the sun's eye—a comfortable fire!
 Warm'd by this fire, so cheerful doth she sing
 The hack'd old ballad, call'd "God save the King."
 But be in trouble, Sir, soon, very soon
 The Jade will drop the good old tune.

Yes—much your Lords are like the birds of May,
 Crying, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, so gay;
 But if a gloomy month appear, so rough,
 And frost, and snow, and storms lay waste the land,
 Where are the pretty birds with note so bland?

Off!

Spit on the Courtiers, when with praise they greet:
 What from their mouth's unhallow'd censer flows?
 Instead of FAME's perfume, so passing sweet,
 Lo, putrid dunghills smoke beneath thy nose!

Good God! that man should so far lose his nature,
 To beg HYPOCRISY to mould each feature—
 Crawl like the meanest reptile of the plain;
 Kick'd, cur-like whipp'd, and whistled back again!

You tell me that such reptiles you abhor,
 And that you never *see* my *fancy'd* Cur.
Indeed, Sir!!! then I strongly do surmise
 On levee-days you always *shut* your eyes.

ODE TO A MARGATE HOY.

WHEN VIRGIL shipp'd himself for Greece;
 Whether to 'scape the Bailiffs, I can't tell—
 Or libels wrote, got drunk, and broke the peace;
 But HORACE wrote an Ode, to wish him well.

Whether, like Margate Hoys, the ship was cramm'd
 With Roman Quality, no hist'ries know it;
 But HORACE swore she might as well be damn'd,
 As show her nose again without the Poet:
 In the same verse he breath'd a pious wish
 To blust'ring Boreas, and the * King of Fish.

Now if a Bard, and that a Heathen too,
 Could offer verse to make old OCEAN quiet,
 Instruct the great King NEPTUNE *who was who*,
 And bid the God of Mackrel breed no riot;

A *Christian* Bard may give a Hoy an Ode,
 So oft with valuable people stow'd,
 That, thick as rats or maggots, from Wool Quay
 Crawl down the ladder to their wat'ry way!

Go, beauteous Hoy, in safety ev'ry inch!
 That storms should wreck thee, gracious Heav'n forbid!

Whether commanded by brave CAPTAIN FINCH,
 Or equally tremendous CAPTAIN KIDD.
 Go, with thy cargo—Margate-town amuse;
 And God preserve thy Christians and thy Jews!

* Neptune.

D

Soon

Soon as thou gett'ft within the Pier,
 All Margate will be out, I trow,
 And people rush from far and near,
 As if thou hadft wild beafts to fhew.

O VENUS, Queen of ev'ry kissing joy,
 Beneath thy foft protection take the Hoy;
 Protect each Damsel from the dangerous brine;
 For many a Nymph it holds, thou callest *thine*.

Alas! the little LOVES, and blooming GRACES,
 Would all put on moft melancholy faces,
 Should OCEAN, hostile to the foft DESIRES,
 O'erwhelming, quench for aye their am'rous fires.

My good friend JOHNSON — MESDAMES, WINDSOR,
 KELLY,

Who for the Public, let me tell ye,
 And through St. James's-ftreet, the Park, Pall-mall,
 Oft lead their lovely giggling Tits along,
 A pretty pleasing fascinating throng—
Much would they grieve to find the voyage fail:

Like three ftout men of war for fafety made,
 From port to port, who convoy the *fair* trade;
 Or three protecting Ducks, that guard their brood,
 And lead their cackling young to pick up food.

Yet not alone would *thofe* be taken napping—
 Great were the los of Gentlefolks from WAPPING,
 Who, fond of travel, unto MARGATE roam,
 To gain that confequence they want at home.

At MARGATE how like Quality they strut!

Nothing is good enough to greet their jaws;
 Yet, when at home, are often forc'd, God wot,
 To fuck like bears a dinner from their paws—

Forc'd

Forc'd on an old joint-stool their tea to take,
 With treacle 'stead of sugar for their gums;
 Butt'ring their hungry loaf, or oaten cake,
 Like mighty CHARLES of SWEDEN, with their thumbs,

But HOY, inform me—who is SHE on board,
 That seems the Lady of a first-rate Lord,
 With stomach high push'd forth as if in scorn,
 Like craws of ducks and geese o'ercharg'd with corn—

Dress'd in a glaring, gorgeous damask gown,
 Which, roses, like the leaves of cabbage, crown;
 With also a bright petticoat of pink,
 To make the eye from such a lustre shrink?

Yes, who is she the Patagonian dame,
 As bulky as of Heidelberg the tun;
 Her face, as if by brandy taught to flame,
 In blaze superior to the noonday sun—

With fingers just like sausages, fat things;
 And loaded much like curtain-rods with rings?
 Yes, who is SHE that with a squinting eye
 Surveys poor passengers that sick'ning sigh;
 Sad, pale-nos'd, gaping, puling, mournful faces,
 Deserted by the blooming smiling GRACES;
 That, reaching o'er thy side, so doleful throw
 The stomach's treasure to the fish below?

'Tis MADAM BACON, proud of worldly goods,
 Whose first spouse shav'd and bled—drew teeth, made
 wigs;
 Who, having, by her tongue destroy'd poor SUDS,
 Married a wight that educated pigs!

But hark! she speaks! extremely like a man!
 Raising a furious tempest with her fan—

- “ Why, Captain, what a beastly ship ! good God !
 “ Why, Captain, this indeed is very odd !
 “ Why, what a grunting dirty pack of doings !
 “ For heav’n’s sake, Captain, stop the creatures’ sp-w-gs.”

Now hark ! the Captain answers—“ Mistress BACON,
 “ I own I can’t be with *such matters* taken ;
 “ I likes not vomitings no more than *you* ;
 “ But if so be that gentlefolks be sick,
 “ A woman hath the bowels of *Old Nick*,
 “ Poor souls, to bung their mouths—’twere like a
 Jew.”

Majestic Mistress BACON speaks agen !—

- “ *Folks* have no bus’ness to make others sick :
 “ I don’t know, Mister Captain, what you mean
 “ About your Jews, and bowels of *Old Nick* :
 “ If all your cattle will *such* hubbub keep,
 “ I know that I shall leave your stinking ship.
 “ Some folks have dev’lish dainty guts, good Lord !
 “ What bus’ness have *such* cattle here aboard ?
 “ *Such gang indeed* to foreign places roam !
 “ ’Tis more becoming them to sp-w at home.”

But hark ! the Captain *properly* replies—

- “ Why, what a breeze is here, G-d d-mn my eyes !
 “ God blefs us, Mistress BACON ! who are *you* ?
 “ Zounds, *Ma’am*, I say, my Passengers *shall* sp-w.

THE WOLF AND THE LION.

A T A L E,

DEDICATED TO LORD HAWKESBURY.

KINGS really are in general not *so* bad;
 And therefore I must take their part;
 But 'tis their servants that are drunk or mad,
 With ev'ry demon trick and little art.

Champions for Master's fame, they fire away;
 And, 'midst the bustle of the idle fray,
 Like lubbers, knock him on the head;
 Then, staring, wonder how he should be *dead*!
 Sometimes a King discovers he has eyes—
 Then for himself he sees—now that is wise.

Once on a time a LION, not a fool,
 Though in the under class of WISDOM's school,
 Amidst his subjects had a Monkey got,
 Who, rather impudent enough,
 Would take his Sov'reign's foibles off,
 Tell stories of him—mimic him—what not?

This for the scheming WOLF was quite a feast,
 Who told the Monarch of the Monkey's finning,
 Relating all his mimicry and grinning,
 Trying to irritate the noble beast.

“ What

"What, what, what doth he say?" the LION cry'd.—

"Dread Sir, you are most wickedly belied."

Rejoin'd the Wolf with brazen face—

"He says that you to Merit are no friend,

"And only to a Patronage *pretend*;

"And flight th' *inferiors* of the Brutal Race.

"He swears you don't encourage useful beasts;

"That for *yourself* alone you're making feasts;

"And that it is beyond a question,

"No beast has such a wonderful digestion;

"That, all so saving, you would skin a stone,

"And only think of number *one*;

"And that it is a sin indeed and shame

"My LADY LIONESS should do the same;

"That sycophants, who flatter, fawn, and creep,

"Are really all the company you keep;

"That beasts of talents, whom you should support,

"Are all forbid to show their nose at Court.

"What?" quoth the MONARCH—"what, what? doth
he so?"—

"Yes," SIRE, "now hang him, and the rogue requite."

"WOLF," quoth the LION, "no, no, no, no, no—

"I fear, I fear, the rogue is *in the right*.

Now this was noble, like a King, in *footh*—

Who scorn'd to choak a subject for the truth.

THE WOLVES, THE BEAR,
AND OTHER BEASTS.

A F A B L E.

ALL JUDGES should be mild and just:
This is the case with *English ones*, I trust:
Such K***, B***, shine—those rare law-faces:
Neither of *these* a rash or hot-brain'd fool—
Most charming dove-like Imps of MERCY's school,
Whose names shall live to distant ages—
All meekness, sweetness, tender nature—
And all their virtues of a giant stature!

What happiness it needs must yield a land,
To see such *goodly* men upon the Bench,
Whom none can with a single murder brand;
Whose hearts, so pure, did ne'er emit a stench
Like carrion, so offensive to our noses,
But scents of lilies, violets, and roses!!!

They never, with the faces of the Furies,
Dar'd dictate, brow-breat, and control the Juries;
Nor wilful misinterpreted the Law:
Full well they know that Juries are *above 'em*!
And 'tis astonishing how much they *love 'em*!

When *Judge* and *Jury* thus together draw
With so much pleasure, like a pair of nags,
Behold! no tongue opprobrious wags!

No tongue cries, "JEFFRIES, bloody JEFFRIES, SCROGS!
 " Hang, hang those traitors, like a brace of dogs !

" Not in 'their beds be they allow'd to die—
 " Nor let their putrid carcases have graves :
 " Slap PITY's face, if e'er she bids her eye
 " Hold but a drop for such a pair of knaves."

Full of rich character shall *such* descend,
 And honour'd with their high-fam'd fathers sleep :
 Fair JUSTICE shall with sighs their herse attend,
 And PITY's song of melancholy weep.

Like leaves, whilst *others* fall unmourn'd away,
 And load of DEATH the solitary glooms,
 Lo ! GLORY from her sun shall pluck a ray,
 And bid it spread eternal round their tombs.

Yet Nations have been curs'd with wicked Judges;
 Who, fond of pow'r, possess'd hard jury-grudges ;
 Who calmly sent poor culprits to their graves,
 Just as an Eastern Despot sends his slaves.
 For *such* I pen a neat Æsopian tale ;
 Hoping the pretty moral will prevail.

Th' *inferior* Beasts most bitterly complain'd,
 (And who will not complain, whose cheek is smitten?)
 That from the Wolves much hardship they sustain'd,
 And often, most inhumanly were bitten.
 This wantonness DAME JUSTICE did cry, " fie" on—
 And mention'd it, but vainly, to the LION.

" Those damn'd furr'd rascals !" growl'd the angry
 Beasts,
 " Eac'a Wolf upon our meat continual feasts ;
 " Yet

“ Yet *Snap*’s the word, and quick off goes a head :
 “ We must take out their teeth—it can’t be borne—
 “ Yes, from their jaws their grinders must be torn.—
 “ Behold, the very fields with blood are red.”

But first the BEAR must be consulted.—BRUIN,
 Who did not much approve jaw-ruin,
 With his black hide, to all the Beasts appear’d,
 And with much gravity their story heard.

“ Sirs,” (quoth the BEAR) you talk of taking teeth
 With such an easy and familiar breath,
 As though it might be pleasant to their jaws ;
 But I must ask the Wolves if they’ll consent
 That from their mouths their grinders shall be rent ;
 For this is necessary, Sirs, because
 The Wolves are *owners* of the teeth, and therefore,
 Before * RUSPINI’s call’d, will ask a *wherefore*.

BRUIN, in consequence, the Wolves address :
 “ LORD WOLVES, it is the wish of many a beast,
 “ That you consent your teeth may all be pull’d ;—
 “ Damn me if I would lose my snags, my Lords ;
 “ I’d tell the knaves so, in so many words—
 “ God d-mn me, of one’s grinders to be GULL’D !
 “ What ! lose our teeth ?” exclaim’d the WOLVES—
 “ no, no—
 “ We’ll keep them, if it only be for *show*.—
 “ Say, my LORD BRUIN, that, and let them *chew* it—
 “ Nay, tell the fools, we wish them somewhat longer,
 “ Sharper, and more of them, and stronger ;
 “ And, if we lose them, *force* shall only do it.”

* The Chevalier, a famous dentist.

This answer of the WOLVES, LORD BEAR reported :

Which answer did not please the Beasts at all ;
 Who flighted, now no longer *pray'd* and *courted*,
 But on the villains fast began to fall,
 Choak'd two or three *prime Rogues*, and, on condition,
 Receiv'd from all th' affrighted rest, *submission*.



THE END.

